BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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One copy one year..... $1.00
One copy six months..... .50
One copy three months..... .25

All kinds of JOB PRINTING carefully and promptly attended to. Call and see specimens and get prices.

All subscriptions are payable in advance and those not paid in advance will be charged for at the rate of $1.25 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Baxter Springs, Kansas, as second-class matter.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

WHEN HE WENT TO WAR

[Written for This Paper.]

When John W. Karle enlisted in company A, — regiment of infantry, Iowa national guard, there was not the vestige of a war cloud above our national horizon. Private Karle, or Johnny as he was known to his family, was but 20 years of age, and so had to secure the consent of his father before the state of Iowa would accept his services as a soldier. That was easily accomplished, and for three months or more afterwards his mother and sisters were visitors at the hall, which served as a drillroom for Johnny's company, at every weekly drill. They watched with much pleasure his advancement in the duties of a soldier; they expressed their feelings in affectionate embraces when he graduated from the awkward squad into the ranks of the company, and after he had been in the service for six months and more they felt that the company captain was negligent to the best interests of his command when he had not seen fit to decorate Johnny's arm with a pair of chevrons.

But there was to come a day when their pride was to give way before a crushing sorrow, when they were to regret the day they had given permission that Johnny should enlist as a soldier. That day was when the first tiny war cloud appeared. Johnny, sensible boy that he was, said nothing of it. The rumors of a possible war did not disturb him in the least. He had been a soldier long enough to learn that it was his duty to obey when the order to march came, and not to speculate on the chances of the order coming.

It was his father who first discovered signs of war as he read the morning paper at the breakfast table. His sisters were still asleep, and his mother was in the kitchen giving the groceryman her orders for the day.

"Here is a chance for trouble, John," said the father; "better scour up that musket of yours a little."

Johnny was not enough interested to inquire where the trouble was coming from and the subject was dropped.

After father and son had left for the office the mother found time to read the morning paper, and the first thing she saw was the scare heading announcing a possible war.

"Goodness me, what if Johnny should have to go," she exclaimed. "I must speak to his father and have him get him out of the company right away."

Johnny's sisters did not read the paper that day, and it was two or three days later before the rumors of coming war warranted another scare head sufficiently large to attract their attention. Even then they did not realize that it was anything serious and attempted to have fun with their soldier brother over the possibility of war and his connection with it. The sisters' comments did not worry Johnny much, and they soon stopped. It was not until a week later that the first little war cloud had grown to such proportion that it reached from horizon to horizon, and Johnny was still a member of the company.

"Pa, have you asked for Johnny's release from the company?" asked the anxious mother at the breakfast table.

"Don't think I have, mother," he replied; "guess Johnny is old enough to ask for himself now if he wants out."

"But, pa, you know he won't do it, and here is this dreadful war coming on."

"Can't help it, mother. I am not making the war."

"I don't believe you care a bit if our boy does have to go and get shot down. I am going down to see the captain myself this very day. I'll just tell him he has to let my boy out of his wretched company."

His mother saw the captain, but did not secure Johnny's discharge, although she came away with a feeling that war was yet a long way off. The captain had not yet been swept away by the wild rumors he had heard. When he got orders to move he would believe that there was trouble in sight, until then he preferred to wait.

Shortly after Johnny had joined the company his grandmother had visted at his home and was as proud of him in his uniform as his mother and sisters were. Now she wrote to ask if he was still a member of the company, and if he would have to go if there was a war.

"I gave one son to the nation," she wrote, "and I do not feel that I am called upon to give a grandson now. If he is still in that company for goodness' sakes have him get out."

But Johnny did not get out. When the night for their weekly drill came around his mother and sisters tried to keep him from attending it, and when they did not succeed in that they decided to accompany him to the hall so as to bid him good-by if he should not be able to get back home again.

At the hall the company executed "fours right" and "fours left, column right," etc., and at the end of the drill the first sergeant published an order promoting Private Karle to a corporalcy, but no one said anything about war, or about leaving for the front that night.

Johnny's promotion caused his mother and sisters to forget their enmity for the captain because he would not let Johnny resign, as they termed it, and it was not until a letter arrived from his aunt the next day asking if Johnny was out of the company that they thought of the war again.

"I won't put up with this nonsense any longer. John has got to get out of that company this very day," and his mother put on her wraps and started for the office to enforce her demands.

But Johnny couldn't see it that way. He had just been made a corporal, and he couldn't think of quitting now, and, besides, he couldn't get a discharge if he wanted to.

Neighbors came in, the postman brought letters from other relatives, the mother and sisters cried and scolded, but all to no avail, for Johnny stayed in the company.

"Mrs. Karle, is John here?"

"He has just gone to bed."

"Well, tell him, please, that the captain wants him to notify his squad at once and have every man at the hall in an hour."

And before the frightened mother could ask for explanations the blue-coated sergeant had disappeared around the corner.

At the hall the captain said to his company:

"Men, the government has called on us to go to the front; this company will leave tomorrow at eight o'clock. I expect every man to report for duty."

War had come. Corp. Karle felt almost like remaining at the armory rather than face the ordeal at home, but he did not. When he reached the house he told them all. It was the father who first spoke.

"John, my son, I know not what you will be called upon to face before this war is over, but whatever it is face it like a man. Stand by the colors, and God grant that you may come home to us again."

"I echo those same sentiments for myself, my boy," said the weeping mother, "and I am proud that my boy is to follow the nation's flag."

At eight o'clock the next morning Corp. Karle left for the front with a mother's blessing resting on his head and a mother's prayers to follow him.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

SULLIVAN'S SECRET.

How He Could Tell Whether It Was a Boy or a Girl.

When John L. Sullivan was in Washington about a year ago he amused a crowd of listeners who happened to be of a variety intellectually superior to the average crowd of hangers-on who worship the great man's memory for what he was, with an exhibition of attainments in which, according to John's idea, brain instead of brawn and fistic prowess plays the better part. He told the age of any man in the crowd who was learned enough to add, substract and divide a series of compound figures, which John furnished, and nine times out of ten hit the mark.

But one feat which he performed, and in which he believed with the fervor of an idolator, says the Washington Post, goes into the marvelous. It involved the telling whether the firstborn of a given couple was a boy or a girl. The way that this feat was accomplished was a profound secret with the pugilist, but in a burst of confidence he disclosed the method to the writer.

To solve the problem the only necessary data are the full maiden name of the mother and the full name of the father. According to Mr. Sullivan's formula, if, after counting the letters in both names, the sum is an even one, the firstborn is a boy, if odd the issue of the union is a girl. For example, all the letters in Mary Jane Brown and Hiram Smith form a total of twenty-three, an odd number. Result, a girl. If this formula is reliable it will serve forecasting purposes as well as the establishment of post-facto results; but no editorial guaranty goes with the prescription.

NEW WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

Recent Judicial Opinions Which Will Interest Them.

Two or three of her majesty's judges have given expression to sentiments of particular interest to womankind, says the New York Sun. Thus Sir Forest Fulton, the Recorder Smyth of the London criminal courts, instructed a jury that "bigamy on the part of a woman was a very different thing from bigamy on the part of a man, and the jury must require strong evidence that the prisoner was aware that her husband was alive when she contracted her second marriage."

The judge of another court when taking his seat on the bench saw some one in the public gallery wearing a standing collar and four-in-hand with a cap on his head. "Take off that hat up there!" cried the judge, severely. There was no movement. "Take off that hat, sir!" came the order again, in the sternest tones from the bench.

Then came the reply in a weak voice from the gallery:

"Please, your honor, it's a lady."

The judge started for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"A woman, is it? Then why does she dress like that?"

There was no explanation, and the business of the court went on.

Another judge decided, to the consternation of English housewives, that a mistress has no right to compel servants to pay for broken crockery or to discharge them without notice for such faults unless it is the agreement when the servant is engaged.